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A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 140.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"THE TRIUMPH OF ORDER."

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

TO a great many minds it will no doubt be a comfortable reflection that society has swiftly and promptly avenged itself for the disorders which occurred in Lancashire a few weeks ago. The chief amongst the rioters, or at least such of them as were captured, have been brought to the bar of justice, and sentences of fifteen, seven, five years, one year, or less, mark our sense of the enormity of their conduct. These sombre figures which emerged for a moment into our astonished view, and were brought into terrible relief by the lurid glare of the flames that consumed Clayton Grange, have again and for ever receded into the infinite night, and as speedily as we can we wish to forget their apparition. Now, it may be justly and fairly argued that there is nothing in all this which calls for any particular comment. The prisoners committed illegal acts; they were brought to trial; and they have been found guilty and punished. That is all. Some of the heavier sentences might perhaps be objected to as vindictive, since there is really not much difference in the guilt of the man who goes inside a house and sets fire to it, and that of another, who has accidentally chosen the work of breaking the furniture as it is thrown out of the windows—at least, not so much difference as would entitle the first to fifteen years' imprisonment, and the second only to five. But it is not my purpose to dispute the equity of the sentences, more especially as most of them were pronounced by the most eminent judge on the English bench. I merely wish to draw attention to the fact—and a grave fact it is if we will only think of it—that the whole matter is not quite so conclusively settled as some of us think, because we have re-asserted the supremacy of the law, nor is this portentous problem finally solved because we have got rid of some awkward factors which disturbed our calculations.

I, for one, venture to think, and am not alone in thinking, that these disturbances have a deeper significance than they superficially appear to have. They are merely the effect of a cause, which is plain enough for all to see, though few do see it, because they will not. The orthodox way of looking at the subject is this:—First, it is admitted, theoretically at least, that Jack is as good as his master, if not better, and the right of both to do as they like with their capital and labour is insisted upon as a cardinal commercial axiom. Now, Jack wants ten shillings for doing a certain amount of work, but his employer will only give him nine, whereupon it is open to Jack, in the exercise of his discretion and his legal right, either to take the nine or refuse to do the work at all. If he takes the second course, the employer must get somebody else to do the work, or, failing that, leave it altogether undone, whereby the capital will be wasted, Jack must starve, and the consumer who wanted to buy the goods which would have been produced go without. All this is perfectly clear, perfectly straightforward, and, according to the political economists, perfectly legitimate, and yet in its scientific accuracy the series of propositions seems to me to savour more of the crude reasoning of semi-barbarism than of the profound logic which is supposed to mark a highly-civilised age. The truth is that political economy, being an exact science—if, indeed, it is a science at all—cannot take much account of the accidental, and in affairs which depend chiefly on the relations between man and man nearly everything is accidental. At the very time when politico-economic service ought, if ever, to be of value, it, as far as I can see, almost invariably fails, and cannot do otherwise than fail, for the reason I have named. This, of course, is not the fault of political economy, but of the people who will not be persuaded that by its doctrines alone can man work out his temporal salvation. The fact, however, remains the same. I can indeed, conceive of no more admirable scheme and theory of commercial and social government than that propounded by Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and

others—if only we could practically eliminate the human element from human affairs. In political economy two and two invariably make four; in human calculations they sometimes make twenty-two. What I venture to affirm is that if after all these years of endeavour to solve our commercial problems by the aid of economic text books and primers, we suddenly find ourselves landed in North-East Lancashire riots, there must be something radically wrong somewhere. It may be in the text books, or it may be in the pupils, but, in any case, the errors exist, and have such results as we see. With something amounting to audacity, I venture to think that the mistake is in the text books. I take it that political economy, really, if not ostensibly, is founded on this one great principle, that the cash nexus is the sole enduring bond between man and man, between employer and employed. If this were indeed so, then we might as well eat, drink, and be merry to-day, in the confident assurance that we shall certainly die to-morrow or the day after. But it is not so. It never has been so except under peculiar conditions and at peculiar times, both of which were the sure forerunners of disaster. You cannot permanently govern or control men, or get them to work with you long in harmony if the sole bond which unites you is your common desire to get, each for himself, as big a share as possible of the nugget which some Australian gold digger may now be extracting from the earth. You must resolve on some fair and equitable way of dividing the nugget when you get it, or those who come short will refuse to work again, and you will none of you get any more nuggets. From the economic point of view, those who fancy themselves aggrieved ought to go on working just the same, since half a loaf is supposed to be always better than no bread, but as a matter of fact they won't, except perhaps under compulsion—and all your economic theories will fail to make them.

A writer, whom it is not for me to compliment, has devoted several of the letters which weekly appear above the well-known signature of "Verax," to the discussion of different phases of the labour question. The earnest desire of the writer to benefit his fellow-men is so apparent, and the cogency of his reasoning, so far as it goes, so invincible, that I feel a very considerable qualm in venturing to differ from him. He shows you so clearly what men ought to do, that you have very little left to say—except to make the observation that no matter how much men ought to act on this theory, they do not so act. I fancy the defect of the reasoning, or rather of the conclusion is, that too little account is taken of this human element of which I have spoken, too little notice of the caprice, the ignorance, the passion, in a word, of the emotional influences which often have quite as much to do with the actions of men as the mere sordid ideas of self interest, which are generally supposed to be all powerful in these latter days. Take the late cotton-trade dispute, for instance. Let us admit that the masters were completely in the right; that they were acting on a strictly scientific method; and that they, too, were the creatures of inexorable necessity. Admitting all this, we must, of course, admit that the dispute could only have the result it had; and yet will anyone pretend that most of the worst features of the short civil war might not have been obviated if the masters had not apparently striven to make it appear that the cash nexus was the only bond, the only possible or dreamt of bond, that existed between themselves and the operatives? They acted on the strictest rules of political economy, and they had to go about with revolvers in their pockets to protect their lives—a very remarkable result of all these sublime theories, and one worth pondering over.

Of course, I am aware that these ideas are crude and only half explained. To elaborate them would require a volume, not a page; and besides, they have been elaborated fully enough by the chief prophet and teacher of these latter centuries—Thomas Carlyle. It may, too, be said that all this is mere theorising about some ideal but unattainable reorganization of the social system, and that until some practical remedy is offered things must

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go on as they are, and present evils continue, if indeed they are evils at all. Perhaps so. I confess that I have no remedy to suggest; none even can I think of that would not be laughed to death as hopelessly Quixotic, though in the end we must come to such a remedy, if remedy there be at all. My only object in penning this fragmentary dissertation is to do what lies in me to bring about a pause in the loud chorus of jubilation which has hailed the triumph of order in Lancashire. The spectacle is to me not one for congratulation, but for deep mournfulness, feeling, as I do, that the last word has not yet been said, nor the last spectre exorcised. I have no faith in that order which depends for its stability on fifteen hundred bayonets and fifteen years' penal servitude. I cannot believe in the social organisation which the slightest shock throws into anarchy. And now that we have triumphed is it not time to reconsider the system which renders such triumphs necessary, and to see whether we cannot inaugurate another which shall be one continuous triumph, one constant and unchequered victory.

IN AND OUT OF HIGHLAND VALLEYS.

[FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.]

"CRIANLARICH!" shouts the solitary porter in a shrill treble voice, which makes the Gaelic name sound like a cry of agony, and we spring out gladly into the open, breathing in the mountain air as only men can who have been craving for it during many hours' painful imprisonment in a close and stuffy railway carriage. Hundreds of miles behind us are the Derbyshire hills, over which we were wont to climb. Far in the remote past, not altogether forgotten, nor indeed unlovingly remembered, is the stern and smoky city which holds us in the thrall of a harsh, albeit not unprofitable servitude. Lingered like the sweet remembrance of a first kiss is that sunny morning's view of Edinburgh, from Arthur's Seat. More vivid, but still faint, since so many other scenes have flashed by us as we travelled, is the panoramic picture which kept us company by Linlithgow, by ancient Falkirk, by picturesque Stirling, with its view of the old castle and its monumental hill, past the Bridge of Allan along the banks of Allan Water, and on to the romantic country around Dunblane. Callander and the Trossachs tempted us to traverse once more well-known and well-loved ground; but we sped on through the savage valleys to which the Pass of Leny is the portal; on to enjoy the solemn grandeur of the scenery in which Loch Labnaig is set; on to be won by the rugged charms of the hills around Loch Dochart; on through Strathire and Glen Ogle, and around the base of Ben Ledi, catching, as we rush with scanty reverence across the sublime landscape, a peep at the Bracs of Balquhither, and anon a glimpse of the upper waters of Loch Earn; and now we have reached our destination, grateful to the Great Architect of the Universe for the repast our eyes have received, and grateful in anticipation to the host who is to supply us with the needed cheer which Ellesmere—our guide, in his own view our philosopher, and with all his weaknesses certainly our friend—has been promising us in the intervals of talk over two hundred miles of country. The most romantic of houses with the softest of beds, and the rarest of foods with the finest of wines were to be ours, for did he not know the place, and was he not an epicure whose most moderate expression of approval was worth more than the raving enthusiasm of less gifted students of the art of living. And here we were—while the train was clattering on towards Dalmally—standing on a bleak platform, with portmanteaus, rods and creels, and other impediments around us, and nothing in sight for miles save the massive form of Ben Ledi behind and the bare slopes of misty mountains before.

"Crianlarich!" sang out our friend Bathos, with a long, rising accent on the last two syllables, as though he were summoning the owner of that name to appear; "it seems to me," he said turning to Ellesmere, "that they must have moved the place since you were here."

"Perhaps," said our new member, Staatsundiger, in that half English accent of his which seems to make even his platitudes witty, "perhaps that was the hotel that is gone to America. Ossian did break a pane of glass in one of the windows, and Prince Charlie took shelter here after the battle of Armageddon, so this rich Cincinatti jobber bought up the establishment and transhipped it across the Atlantic. It is evident we shall have to follow it if we want to sleep there to-night."

Ellesmere said no word and made no sign. He quietly went and spoke to the Highland porter with the voice of agony. He came back, and without apology or explanation told us that there was an inn—this grand hotel had dwindled to an inn—a mile or so away.

The vapours had been descending the mountains fast. They shrouded from our sight the crest of the broken ranges. They came upon one like a cut direct from the woman with whom one flirted the night before. They sent our spirits down into our heels, and the rolling clouds and the damp air, and our weariness and our hunger, made us hate Ellesmere with an intensity of hatred to which no fluency in profanity nor all the curses in the Communion Service could do justice.

It is not without a purpose that this episode is described in full upon the minute book of the Club. Other members and their friends may read this chronicle, and the story may give them caution. Let them imagine five dismal men, each walking in a procession by himself, carrying his own luggage, and making for a point, dimly indicated by the homoeopathic light of a starved lamp. Let them fancy that glimmer the only objective evidence in the gloomy night of the presence of any sort of a human habitation. Then let them place themselves, or try to place themselves, in the position of the tired wayfarers, who, on reaching the door of the hostelry, are told that all the rooms in the house are engaged—and then, while they can perhaps enter into the feelings of five at least of the travellers, and perhaps excuse some of the language which was used on the occasion, they will draw this moral from the incident—that it is foolish to start on Highland "outs" without being sure of Highland inns.

There was nothing for it but to start off for Tyndrum, four or five miles further—a lovely walk in the day-time, through Strathfillan and by its rushing river; but at night, a journey which our German member justly enough described as making a tunnel through the darkness. There was scarcely any exaggeration in the statement. Bathos later on avowed that on his side of the road the darkness was so thick that Ellesmere's umbrella stood upright in it, and when withdrawn left a distinct hole. We all went on, however, very much like Wordsworth's "party in a parlour," whose behaviour tickled Charles Lamb's fancy so much, for we were "all silent," and you know the rest. Meeting not a soul—not even a lost one, though the night was black enough for such as them—on by the side of the brawling stream, over it and almost into it, all the while doing all we knew to make existence hideous to the deceiver who had put us into this fix; until at last we saw a distant light, and knew that the journey was nearly over.

"Everything has its compensations," said Athos, after a generous supper had been washed down by the *vin du pays*, and when life seemed once more to be worth living. "We should not have enjoyed this meal so much if we had not had to walk for it, and the fact that we could not get in at Crianlarich will make this hotel seem an ideal of luxury in its way."

"Then if we could not have got in here, and had gone on to Dalmally, the hotel there would have seemed more luxurious, and if we had walked on still farther, and not found an hotel at all, what then, eh?" Staatsundiger has a knack of interrupting, and shoots a sentence into a crack in the conversation with unequalled dexterity. His remark, however, put a stop to anything like serious talk, whereat most of us rejoiced greatly, and thenceforward applied ourselves to lighter matters.

We did not rise early the next morning. Tourists usually do, or at least, say they do, so it had better be stated that in that matter we were very much inferior to the gentlemen who explore Wales and describe their experiences in the columns of Mr. Nodal's interesting journal. One of the last songs of the evening had this degenerate chorus:—

"Up in the morning's na for me,
Up in the morning early;
I'd sooner go supperless to my bed,
Than rise in the morning early."

This rang in our ears all night, and was scarcely calculated to make us emulous of that president of the Early Rising Association of whom George Grossmith used to tell such a funny story. It was nine before we hurried out of doors, and we were fortunate in being dilatory, for at an earlier hour we should scarcely have been able to endure, still less to appreciate, the scene of utter desolation which presented itself from the high road before our hostelry. The Strath is of good width until it enters Glen Lochy, a few miles ahead; but it is sterile in the extreme, and the hills that border it rise high and bare. You have to coax the soil to make it bear grass; you have to bribe it with costly fertilisers to persuade it to give you oats; but all the guano of Peru would not induce it to yield you wheat or barley. The only crop it seems to produce freely and generously is the stone crop; not the plant known of that name to the botanist, but the article which another Plant might, out of his geological knowledge, be able to account for, and tell us a good deal about. Here and there the

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bleak, grey face of the mountain has been excavated by the miner. Great stone heaps mark the spots where the Marquis of Breadalbane's lead mines were once worked, and may yet be worked again, for they say that the veins are far from being exhausted. Copper, zinc, chromate of iron, hematite pyrites, and sulphate of barytes, are all to be found in the district of Tyndrum, and who knows but that, when the railway is finished to Oban, Tyndrum may not become another Merthyr Tydvil, and the picturesque watering place another Cardiff, whereto ships from every sea may come to bear away the mineral riches of Strathfillan.

The clouds were deep down the slopes even at nine o'clock, and in the distance they could be seen rising slowly from the valley like wreaths of steam from a vast earth cauldron. From the westward the vaporous masses sailed over our heads, and obscured alike mountain top and sky. But wet or dry, "weather or no," we had resolved to travel, and we had further resolved to incur no more risk in the matter of hotel accommodation. At breakfast we settled our programme. We would go through Glenfalloch to Inverarnan, and there decide whether we would make that a halting place, or descend Loch Lomond to Tarbet. "We'd go, we'd go, to meet the foe," though it poured down upon us as the Highland clans poured down upon the cattle pastures of the Lowlands; but how? Some were for walking, and letting the luggage follow. Ellesmere was for making the horses do all the walking, and suggested that we should be more comfortable behind them. The pedestrians were ultimately outvoted; the horses were to do all the walking; and we set out. You have to retrace your steps and follow the Fillan as far as Crianlarich again, beyond which you strike southerly into Glenfalloch—one of the grandest glens in the Highlands. Music accompanies our progress—the music of falling water, for every furrow on the hillside is a splashing watercourse, every rivulet a brook, every little dancing stream is broken into a dozen melodious cascades. These were scenic effects nature had improvised for our benefit. They were not there last week; they may not be there a week hence. They are to-day's compensations for the rain that fell early this morning, and is still threatening us with a drenching. But the standard waterfalls, the real old-established concerns whose celebrity is attested by ordnance maps and guide books, are in magnificent form. We have them high above us on the lofty slope of Ben More, and we have them alongside and beneath us in the swift and swollen Falloch. The river, its banks beautifully wooded, as is the whole landscape, now runs down a steep incline in a smooth mass of water, now makes a series of leaps and bounds over a tier of rocks extending for nearly half a mile, and now plunges sheer over a precipice which only lacks the jutting crag to remind one of the Rhinefall of Schaffhausen. Rarely are the waters out in such force either in the river or on the hill. We might have gone to Inverarnan a dozen times without seeing the fine fall near the hotel to equal advantage.

Now the clouds began to break, and the sun for the first time appears to give us promise of a bright journey down the lake. Some preliminaries had first to be arranged: Staatsundiger had to inquire for a Liverpool telegram announcing the number of sales, and the price of Middling Orleans; Ellesmere to bury himself in the pages of the *Scotsman*; Baths to renew an old flirtation with a young lady staying in the hotel; and all, ultimately, to discharge the grateful duty of taking lunch; by which time the steamboat was ready to start on its voyage, of which, more anon.

A QUIET PLACE FOR A HOLIDAY.

MILES away from Manchester, though still within the bounds of Lancashire, I have been spending a few days in the bosom of my family, and in the enjoyment of a rest such as the busy men of Manchester should know how to enjoy. Bispham is a charming spot. The village is old-fashioned and small; the villagers are homely, quiet, kindly; and the air is so good that even the "oldest inhabitant" finds it difficult to have a bad turn now and then, and more difficult still to shuffle off this mortal coil. All round the village lies a perfect paradise of lovely lanes. In ten minutes' walk you can reach the cliffs through lanes; in forty minutes or so you find yourself in busy Blackpool, through lanes nearly all the way; to Poulton, to Fleetwood, almost to anywhere, indeed, you can wander from Bispham along lanes lined by hedges as high as your head, and simply resplendent with luxurious vegetation. To the men, and the women, and the children, who claim a city as their home, a sojourn in cosy Bispham, however brief, must come laden with health and sunny memories. Here—if so minded—you can have all the bustle of Blackpool and the calm of Bispham combined. One minute you are bathing in the open sea; half-an-hour later you may be gathering

the choicest wild flowers in sequestered lanes. Those who come a few weeks later will find the lanes literally laden with blackberries. Bispham can boast of a Grammar School, a Church, and an Independent Chapel. But it can also boast of something which is better than any of these or than all of them put together, namely, the absence of religious bitterness and strife. There is only one service in the chapel on Sundays, and I am told that the Congregationalists go to the church in the morning, while at night the Churchmen don't hesitate to worship with the Dissenters. This unity does not spring from spiritual indifference or death. I attended the church on the morning of Sunday last, and I must say that I never saw or heard a people enter more heartily into the whole service. No doubt the earnestness displayed by the Rector communicated itself, in part at least, to the whole congregation. Not satisfied with empty ceremonies and forms, not content with mere lip-service, Mr. Dickson throws himself into his work in a way that is truly refreshing. When he prays, he does so, for the most part, with his eyes closed; that sing-song style of elocution, unfortunately so common in church pulpits, is avoided here; when the congregation sing the Rector sings too; and when he preaches he does so like a man who knows, and believes, and has faith in, what he says. The church itself is as quaint as it is old—and I am informed that in antiquity it runs back to about the time of the Norman Conquest. Bispham possesses two public-houses—both comfortable-looking places—and one temperance hall; and it seems that, as far as the villagers themselves are concerned, the hall beats the hotels. The latter do very well for all that, as Blackpool and Fleetwood will empty themselves into Bispham and its bye-ways and its "pubs" now and then.

COOKERY IN RHYME.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

No. III.—ROASTING AND BROILING.

ON the gridiron and the spit,
Come into disuse of late,
If the reader will permit,
I will briefly now dilate.
Oh, the excellence of meat,
E'er to pander to the leaven,
Some inventor indiscreet,
Hit upon the "range" or oven!

Maledictions it behoves,
To invoke upon the man
Who invented cooking-stoves,
And likewise the frying-pan.
May he ever parch and bake,
And remorse for ever wake!
May his soul for ever fry—
Vilest of all cookery!

Once upon a time a joint,
Basted, so as not to burn,
Certain not to disappoint,
In the kitchen used to turn.
Now, behold—a hideous change—
The detested cooking-range:
Changed the flavour of the meat—
Sodden now with steam and heat.

Paper more I will not spoil,
And the theme I now forsake,
Cooks no longer roast or broil;
Anyone can learn to bake.
As for frying, I allow
There are other modes than one;
But I will not tell you how
Makeshift cooking should be done.

Vainly then thy aid is woo'd,
Oh, my muse on cookery bent!
Providence supplies the food,
Cooks are by the devil sent.
And the devil never played—
Though the agency was man's—
Sorrier tricks than when he made
Cooking-stoves and frying-pans.

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WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Treaty of Berlin is now an accomplished fact.
 That the partition of Turkey is pretty much ditto.
 That those who meet to divide the rest of Turkey twenty or thirty years hence will be apt to quarrel over their respective share.
 That Roumania, Montenegro, and Servia have not received justice at the hands of the Great Powers.
 That, in their case, the pen has largely undone the work accomplished by the sword.
 That we wonder in what way or by whom the Treaty of Berlin is to be carried into effect.
 That those who think we are at last out of the wood may discover their mistake in less than twelve months.
 That, now that Beaconsfield has returned in triumph, considerable speculation is going on as to what his next "surprise" will be.
 That many believe we are on the eve of a general election.
 That in that case we hope the Liberals will show a united front.
 That the Session is nearly ended.
 That it has contributed little, or nothing, to the good of the country.
 That the Government are fonder of moving backward than forward.
 That it is for the people to say whether or not they appreciate "progress" of this kind.
 That Blackpool fairly lost its head during the visit of the Lord Mayor of London, with his sword-bearer and his own horses.
 That, nevertheless, the visit was a good speculation.
 That it paid Blackpool well.
 That the Blackpool papers parted with their senses on the occasion.
 That, giving way to a sickening style of reporting, they duly describe "State Visits to the Theatres," "State Visits to Raikes Hall," "State Visits to the Churches," "State Visits to the Winter Gardens," and "State Visits to the Sea."
 That all the fine adjectives in the English language were extensively used, everything being "elegant," "superb," "splendid," "magnificent," "grand," or "unrivalled."
 That the "State Visit" to St. John's Church on Sunday was simply "magnificent."
 That the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs of Middlesex and London, and the Mayors of almost all the small Boroughs in the country attended "in their robes."
 That the Rector of St. John's (the Rev. N. S. Jeffrey) declared in his sermon that it was a glorious spectacle.
 That the collection amounted to £47!
 That Blackpool toadyism must be seen to be believed.
 That each of the country Mayors and Town Clerks who lent themselves to the huge farce ought to be hauled over the coals.
 That we want to know who paid their expenses.
 That the whole affair was what Yankees call a "tall advertisement."

That Mr. Cocker, the Mayor of Blackpool, is very wise in his day and generation.

That it is said the festivities paid well.

That the tomfoolery at the Domestic Economy Congress in Manchester was nothing compared with the tomfoolery connected with the Lord Mayor's visit to Blackpool.

That Mr. Charles Bradlaugh covets the honour of appearing on the same platform with the Bishop of Manchester and crossing swords with His Lordship.

That His Lordship wont have anything to do with him.

That it would take at least ten thousand Frasers to make a convert of Charles Bradlaugh.

That our Printer's Devil says he should like to have a "shy" at him.

That we feel inclined to gratify the imp for this once.

That perhaps Bradlaugh will say whether he accepts the challenge.

That the great trial of Hannay *versus* Birch afforded much merriment to the Lord Chief-Justice and the learned counsel engaged on either side.

That Miss Hannay, who seems to be "all goodness," was well able to hold her own against all comers.

That, whatever she may be as a teacher, she certainly makes an interesting witness.

That the Island of Cyprus must really be a surprising sort of place.

That, according to some authorities, you can hardly land on the island; and, when you do, you quickly depart for another and a better world.

BANKERS' RECEIPTS.

"QUID PRO QUO" writes to us as follows:—Sir, Permit me through your columns to draw the attention of the banking and commercial public to the serious danger which attends the present all but universal system of paying large sums of money without the interchange of a receipt. Far oftener than not the clerk who may have been despatched without pass book at 2-45 p.m. to pay in hundreds or even thousands, is entirely ignorant of the name and would forget the appearance of the cashier who relieved him of that important sum. Again, at the half-yearly balances the pass book is retained in some cases for a week or ten days by the bankers, and even the uncertain acknowledgment it affords is for that period unavailable. An employer, going away for his holidays, enjoins his clerk to pay the daily balances into the bank, but, either from forgetfulness or not wishing that the amount to his credit should be known, locks up or does not leave the pass book in such a case. Consider the responsibility of a man who has daily to pay in larger amounts than his salary would come to in a year, without a receipt! Sometimes it is also necessary to pay large sums to the credit of persons over whose pass book neither principal nor clerk has the slightest control, and who may at the time be travelling, thereby causing the indefinite delay of a receipt from that source. Two banks, after having been themselves victimised, now adopt this obvious precaution. But take the case of a young man who, at a bank not affording this safeguard, pays money to an unknown man who, either from carelessness or fraudulent intent, neglects to make the proper entry, and consider the bitter trouble it may cause in loss of character, situation, and possibly reason itself. All these dangers would be avoided by allowing the payer to fill in a receipt, counterfoil to the credit note, which, when examined, would be initialled, detached, and returned.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.—If clever acting in well-written pieces, pretty faces and dresses, and sparkling music may command success, the Strand Theatre Company has every reason for self-congratulation. The titles "comedy" and "burlesque" are now-a-days given to such rubbish that in the present case it is comforting to find ourselves face to face with the truth. *Our Club* is a comedy in the most acceptable sense; while as a burlesque *The Red Rover* is a pleasant contrast to the rough and ready pantomime business we too often see. To indulge in stereotyped notes by saying that both pieces do credit to the author, Mr. Burnand, would be far from a happy thought; and as the artistes engaged in their representation constitute the Strand Company in its entirety, to give prominence to anyone would be invidious. It is quite enough to say that the performance deserved even a more flattering reception than it received.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Moerschhaus, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

MR. CHARLEY, M.P., ON HIMSELF.

IT is with no small gratification we find that the somewhat severe animadversions which were passed on the Common-Serjeant of the City of London at the time of his election to that distinguished office, have in no way lessened his good opinion of himself, nor detracted from the self-esteem which has always been so marked a feature of his character. It is true that he has apparently not yet altogether recovered from the surprise which he, in common with all who knew him, must have felt at his election; but this feeling is evidently fast giving way to a kind of bumptiousness which harmonises particularly well with the general feebleness which he has always exhibited. Yet, at the same time, Mr. Charley is not arrogant. Unlike many judges, he is not above entering into explanations when he thinks them to be necessary—and it is to be supposed, on his own authority, that the fact of his being Common-Serjeant is one which even he believes to require explanation. At any rate, he seems to be very anxious that we should understand all about it, and appears to have gladly availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the annual eighteen-penny picnic of the Salford Tories at Tatton Park. Having first made some incoherent and incomprehensible observations on the Eastern Question—chiefly with the object of letting his admiring constituents know that he is on speaking terms with the person who calls himself Hobart Pasha—Mr. Charley proceeded to descant on the more congenial theme of his own merits and virtues. First, however, he utterly demolished Sir Henry James, who will probably die of grief and shame when he finds in what low estimation he is held by one of the most eminent legal dignitaries in the land, and, after a fling at the “less respectable portion of the Liberal Press,” the learned Common-Serjeant went on to talk about himself. The substance of his long and admiring harangue is this:—That the Central Criminal Court is one of the most important courts in the land, and that its judges must therefore be amongst the most important judges. That the Court has a most distinguished bar, not confined to a certain number of gentlemen, like a circuit, but composed of the pick of the profession, and that even the most distinguished members of this distinguished bar have such faith in Mr. Charley’s legal acumen that they do not hesitate to argue points of practice and law before him. But more than this. He is not only Common-Serjeant. He also presides at a Civil Court held before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and which also has a very distinguished bar. He is, moreover, Deputy Speaker of the Court of Aldermen, he has to advise the House on questions of order, and to put questions to the vote, and in all cases in which the Corporation sue or are sued, he is their counsel—whereat we will not say, “Heaven help the Corporation!” Everybody whom he comes across is effusive in their respect, kindness, courtesy, esteem, and even their love for Mr. Charley, and we can quite believe his assurance that the position of Common-Serjeant is a very pleasant one indeed. The newspaper reports say that “laughter” followed this simple and artless statement. Why should the Salford Tories laugh? Can it be that even they have a sense of the grim humour of the position? If so, we can forgive them many old grudges. It is really, the more you come to look at it, one of the most comic pieces of business that the public has seen for a good while—that is, comic for the public, though perhaps not so funny for those who are concerned in the civil suits in that distinguished Court of which Mr. Charley is the distinguished deputy judge. The arrangement is said, however, to be highly appreciated by the prisoners at the Central Criminal Court, and all the scamps in London are praying that they may come up for trial before Mr. Charley, than whom no judge in the land shows more, or even half as much, kindly consideration for the down-trodden innocents who kick their wives, and break into the people’s houses at night. We shall always be delighted to hear Mr. Charley on himself; Mr. Charley on the Eastern Question, or on the Liberal party, or on any question under the sun, concerning which he has hitherto been in the habit of speaking, is more remarkable for mild imbecility than for instructive reasoning, but Mr. Charley on himself can never fail to be amusing.

AN APPEAL TO MR. GLADSTONE.

WHY the *Daily Telegraph* deserted the Liberals of England for the Mahomedans of Turkey is a question which has puzzled and perplexed many wise heads. Some say it was because the proprietor of our contemporary is a Jew, no love being lost between the Russian and the Jew; others allege that the *Telegraph* was annoyed because it was the *Daily News* which discovered and reported the Bul-

garian atrocities; and a third class assert, with yet greater uncharitableness, that Turkish bonds have had a good deal to do with the conduct of the *Telegraph* during the last two years. We need not say that we attach no weight to any of the charges, believing, as we do, that the *Telegraph* has been perfectly conscientious, to the best of its skill and knowledge, in raging at Russia and its toadyism towards Turkey. Still, it seems as if, now that the struggle nears an end, the *Telegraph* were anxious to let itself down as little as possible. Having discovered that the Russians have been guilty of as bad atrocities as the Turks in Bulgaria, it now pens a passionate appeal to Mr. Gladstone on the subject. What it says as to the alleged barbarities is this:—“Throughout the region of Tartar Bazardjik, Philippopolis, and the neighbouring country, the Russians and the Bulgarians are committing deeds of lust and tyranny upon all the helpless inhabitants not of the Christian faith which no words can portray. Villages are burned by the score, and their dwellers given to the flames; women and children are outraged, not here and there, but upon a system in which the Russians employ the Bulgarians to provide victims. Fathers, brothers, and husbands are massacred, children are kidnapped and imprisoned for the cruellest purposes, and measures are deliberately taken to punish any disclosure of this orgy of lust, lawlessness and extermination. It does, indeed, really appear that one object of the pitiless persecution now going on is to extirpate the Moslem and Jewish inhabitants from the occupied soil, and to solve the problem of the mixed races by putting to death, or to shame worse death, those of the dispossessed creeds.” The *Telegraph* accordingly asks Mr. Gladstone and the other “Humanitarians”—even now our contemporary cannot refer to the Liberal policy without a sneer—to take up the case and see that justice is meted out to the outraged Mahomedans in Bulgaria. “We have never doubted,” it adds, “that a deep conviction of duty was one of their motives, that they believed the exaggerated tales of atrocity related; and that they could not have exercised any influence upon the popular mind but for the general belief that their compassion was genuine, and their indignation free from bias. There went in Mr. Gladstone’s wake several public personages of similar high mindedness and earnest views. The Duke of Westminster, for example, is known to possess true kindness of heart and all those amiable qualities which attract respect. To these and the other declared humanitarians we make an appeal this morning on the common ground of humanity, inviting them to sustain their professions and to show that their loving-kindness is not one-sided—the more so because a cry of rescue is to be raised and an act of justice wrought which demand united effort in the English Parliament, and pity free from political considerations at the hands of all who have influence. It is to the miserable, shocking, and widespread sufferings of the ruined people of Bulgaria and Roumelia that we would summon the attention of Mr. Gladstone and his associates.” This is all very fine, no doubt; but we question very much, after what has happened, if Liberals will ever consent again to be led by the *Telegraph* on this or any other mission. The truth of the matter is this—the *Telegraph* has betrayed the trust which we reposed in it. If it suffers the consequences, it may console itself with the reflection that a wholesome law is at work in the matter.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

London, Thursday.

YOUR readers will no doubt have been intensely disappointed at finding no communications from me in the *Jackdaw* during the last few weeks, but the fact is that Wales has been making a good many excursions, to Paris, Nottingham, Bristol, and other foreign parts, during this time, and as he will not hear of going without me what could I do but submit to his wishes? In addition to this my presence was absolutely necessary for a week or two at the Berlin Congress, so that you will understand how it is that I have had no time to write my usual weekly budget of reliable information. However, for the present, I am settled in town, and expect to be so for some time, unless Wales takes it into his head to have another run over to Paris, in which case I shall, of course, have to accompany him.

But, busy as I have been, I have not failed to keep a sharp eye on the individual called Gladstone. Your readers will not, perhaps, be astonished at learning that I have some reason for believing that to him is chiefly due the publication of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement, which, it must

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be confessed, so completely took the wind out of the sails of the best, wisest, and most honest Government that ever existed. Since he has found that I am aware of this fact the man's hatred for me has become perfectly ferocious. Not only does he refuse to speak to me, but only the day before yesterday he went to the length of ordering his footman to kick me off the doorsteps when I went to the house, in order to ascertain a few particulars respecting his daughter's marriage, and also to inquire whether there was any truth in the report that he and his wife do not live on very amicable terms. Obviously these were inquiries which no public man has a right to object to, and I can therefore only account for his conduct on the supposition that he knows I am in full possession of the secret of all his complicated villainy, and that I am determined to unmask his schemes whenever I see him attempt to carry them into practice.

The words which I uttered several weeks ago have come true. Your readers may recollect that in May last I made an announcement, which may possibly have seemed somewhat enigmatical, about the determination of the Government to do something. I could not, for State reasons, be more explicit, but I then intended to hint at the acquisition of Cyprus. I am also in possession of a large number of other secrets of the most supreme importance, but the duty I owe to my country will not allow me to betray them just now. I am a man of honour, and wild horses should not tear from me a confession of my knowledge. I state this merely in order to let you know, in case another paper should publish these things before the *Jackdaw*, that at any rate your correspondent was acquainted with them first.

One of the most brilliant and fascinating of modern novels will probably appear in a few weeks; as soon, indeed, as arrangements can be made with the publishers to produce it. In intense and sustained interest this book, which I have been privileged to read in manuscript, will be almost without a parallel, and it is certain to mark the beginning of a new era in literature. It is the work of the same facile pen which has rendered such immense service to the country through the medium of the *Clapham Cracker*. I am not at liberty to say who wields that pen. Modesty forbids me.

The accident which recently happened to Sir Stafford Northcote has rendered him an object of universal sympathy. Occurring at the time it did it was especially unfortunate, for a small party of us had arranged to meet at dinner that evening to discuss some matters of great importance, but the meeting had to be put off.

I can assure you, on the best authority, that if the Government decides on a dissolution in the autumn they are certain to come back to power with a majority of at least six hundred. A friend of mine, who knows all about it, tells me that the country is so disgusted with the conduct of Messrs. Gladstone, Freeman, Bright, Bradlaugh, Richard Turpin, John Sheppard, Burke, Palmer, and Co., that not above twenty Radicals would be returned. So far has the feeling spread, that I am informed that even in Manchester, as you may perhaps know, the constituency has decided to reject Mr. W. H. Houldsworth at any price, feeling that his violence and extreme views cannot but be highly dangerous to the welfare of the country. The Conservatives, I hear, on the most undoubted authority, are united to a man in support of Dr. Pankhurst, who, as you will of course be aware, has been one of the most strenuous champions of the present Government, and who has been mainly instrumental in showing up that incendiary J. W. Maclure—the writer of the letters of "Verax," which, curiously enough, have been falsely attributed to me, but which, as you well know, I should be incapable of writing.

It is with great delight I am able to inform you on the most indisputable authority that violent dissensions have again broken out in the Liberal ranks, and you may daily expect to hear that the Marquis of Hartington has resigned the office of Leader of the Opposition. The affair arose out of a dispute at the bar as to whether it was the turn of Sir William Harcourt or of the Marquis to stand drinks. As Sir William persisted that it was not his turn this was regarded as a breach of discipline, and he was accordingly fined brandies and sodas all round for the whole Opposition. His refusal to pay led to a fearful scene, and the result will certainly be a complete disintegration of what is left of the party. Contrast this sordid conduct with the magnanimous heroism and splendid liberality of Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress, and we may thank our stars that so great a man condescends to do us the distinguished honour of ruling us!

By-the-by, a great fuss is being made in certain quarters about what is called the "personal rule" of the Premier. For my part I heartily

hope that the steps which have been taken will be followed up, and prove to have been but the prelude to the re-establishment of the full prerogatives of the Crown. What is Parliament? Who are the people? that they should dare to grumble at anything done by the Premier, who, I may inform you, has promised me an invitation to the first dinner party he gives on his return.

A STIFF YARN.

[A NEW VERSION OF THE ANCIENT MARINER, a la HOOD.]

ARGUMENT—A seaman meeteth three youths who are going to the play-house; he stoppeth one of them, and, in spite of his vigorous struggles to escape, he leadeth him from his friends and poureth into the stripling's ear this curious tale of the deep, deep sea:—

IT was an Ancient Mariner,
He stoppeth one of three;
What do you want? Speak up, my man,
What do you want with me?

The seaman had two wooden stumps,
A sight that seldom charms;
It seemed as if his would-be legs
Were supplicating alms.

He checks the mirth of passers-by,
Restrains his rising ire,
And then he sighed, as if he were
A most bereaved sire.

He seized the stripling by the arm,
When he had heaved his sigh,
And on his smooth unshaven cheek
He fixed his glassy eye.

Young man, says he, pray, come with me;
Attend to my advice,
The modern stage will lead you to
Another stage—of vice.

The victim struggled to escape,
And darted to and fro;
'Twas all in vain, and finally
The "tar" took him in "tow."

The seaman cried, Compose yourself,
Your judgment is at fault;
I mean no harm, and you, I know,
Would not commit as-sault.

He led him gently from his friends;
Mark well my words, quoth he;
And, having shook his silvery locks,
Assumed a minor key.

One summer morn, long years ago,
Our captain put to sea;
Our destination—China; but
We went not after tea.

We sped along, the sea-gulls flapped
Their leaden wings in vain;
For, like a knife, our gallant ship
Cut through the flowing main.

The houses soon were out of sight,
And last of all the church,
Its vane and lightning-rod, or pole,
That serveth for its perch.

And when the day was past, the moon
Gave us its weakly light,
And then we saw our gallant bark
Was passing Biscay's bight.

But when at length a thousand miles
Were on our starboard bow,
There came a calm; the wind had dropped,
But where I do not know.

We tugged our ship a month, and strove
The distant goal to win;
'Twas then our water first "gave out,"
'Twas then we first "gave in."

All parched, we crouched upon the deck,
And vainly tried to sleep;
I longed to lay my head upon
The bosom of the deep.

When half the crew had died of thirst,
There came a gentle fog,
And rain poured over us as we
Were poring o'er the log.

And now we slaked our burning thirst,
And all our pains were killed
By that all-healing element,
Sea water, twice distilled.

We filled the empty water casks;
In fact, as one would say,
We hoarded up our water for
Another rainy day.

The calm continued still, and we,
To row were not inclined;
We damped the sails, and did our best
To try and raise the wind.

At length, our victuals were consumed—
Misfortune never stops—
For nigh a week we'd gathered nought
In all our barren crops.

A group of living skeletons,
We talked of casting lots;
And, being bound together,
We spoke of it in knots.

The captain called us aft, and said
That one of us must die
To save the rest; each "hand" must have
A finger in the pie.

The doctor said, to satisfy
Dread hunger's fell demands,
Let one of us give up his legs
To save the other "hands."

This was agreed; we drew the lots,
And I the victim then;
The crew eyed me with hungry looks,
A set of fiendish men.

And as I saw their blood-shot eyes,
So full of rage I wot,
When the lot fell on me I thought
Of falling on the lot.

I stepped, however, to the fore,
The crew fell back a pace;
My lads, before you dine on me,
Give me a short hour's grace.

'Twas done; it passed—the "sawbones" came
And put me in a snooze,
And then he cut me up in halves
As quickly as two twos.

The sailors, who were looking on
Astride the casks and kegs,
I s'pose, as soon as it was done,
Walked off with both my legs.

And when I did come back to life,
Though feeling faint and weak,
A ship appears just when I'd paid
My footing, so to speak.

She came in sight, just as I say
When I'd been cut in halves,
And while my cruel butchers were
A-feasting on my calves.

To take me back to England here
They could not well refuse;
But how I wish some other stood
In my unlucky shoes.

For now I can do nought but beg—
It puts me in the "dumps;"
I cannot fight, for if I did
A ball would take my stumps.

And then he dropt a silent tear;
My wife, says he, is ill,
And with these wooden pegs I've got
Five little mouths to fill.

The youth was touched and gave a "bob"—
A liberal young cub.
The tar was touched, and disappeared
Within the nearest "pub."

DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. VII.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

ACCORDING to promise, my juvenile friend, I will now give you some hints as to how you are to treat the disease known as wanting-to-go-to-the-seaside. I must warn you, however, that this is a malady very rarely cured, except by yielding to the patient's fancies, and taking her to the seaside. One day, as you are sitting at tea, your wife will suddenly inform you that the Browns are going the next day to Scarborough, or Llandudno, or some other watering-place. If you are wise you will take no notice of this, or, if you do, merely make some ill-natured remark about the Browns. Your wife will then say no more, but the next morning you will observe she wears a singularly haggard and wearied look, very different from her usual appearance. You may then understand with a dead certainty that the seaside season has set in, and this painful truth will receive much confirmation from sundry sly innendoes and "asides," concerning the desirability of a change of air, mingled with manifold complaints about the general "poorliness" of the patient. Now is the time to nip the disease in the bud, if you have sufficient dexterity and firmness of character to do it. The patient really does not care much about going to the seaside, for she would not venture on the sea for any consideration. She only wants to go because the Browns are going; they in their turn go because the Smiths have gone, and the Smiths simply went because the Joneses have been. Well, you have three courses open to you. One is to surrender at once, which it is the very object of my instructions to induce you not to do. The second is to offer to compromise the affair by the present of a new polonaise—whatever that may be—and the third to set your foot down and swear by everything you hold sacred that nothing shall prompt you to go and waste your money at the seaside. Probably you will find the middle course the best on the whole, but if you feel disposed to stick up for principle, then you had better take the third. The first, as I have said, is out of the question. But even if in your asinine weakness you do follow the first course, and agree to take Angy to the seaside, you will find that the battle is not yet over. Having won one triumph, she will naturally try to score another. Your notion of the seaside may possibly mean Southport—where, however, there is no sea—or Blackpool, or Lytham, or some inexpensive place like these. But that will not do for Angy. The Browns, Joneses, and Smiths went to Scarborough, and nothing will content her but going there, too. It will be in vain for you to urge that you actually haven't got the money; that it is all very well for people like the Smiths or the Browns, who have incomes four times the size of yours, to go to Scarborough, but that it would be absurd for you to do so. Argument is completely thrown away on a woman, because she is not a reasoning animal. All women are mere creatures of sudden impulse and passion, except a few who ought properly to belong to the other sex. Here, then, is a chance for you to put your foot down. Offer the "polonaise" in lieu of the trip again, and, if that is not accepted, walk round the place like an agitated hyena, and blankly refuse to do anything more in the matter. At least, if you don't do that you can give the patient, who will be almost foaming at the mouth by this time, the alternative of Blackpool or Morecambe Bay, both of which places she probably detests as mere Cockneydoms-by-the-sea. However, I forgot that I must deal especially with your case, which is somewhat extraordinary, because you are such an extraordinary fool. It will, therefore, be better to assume that you will allow yourself to be dragged to Scarborough, there to try and make people believe that you have a large independent income, and to spend six or eight weeks' salary in a fortnight, although you have only, so far, been able to furnish two rooms in your house, and are not likely, so far as I see, to furnish any more for some time to come. One thing I am glad of, and it may afford you some consolation. It is this: that, having spent all your money at Scarborough, your wife will have to suffer without remedy when the next bonnet season comes round, and that'll teach her a lesson. You think I'm very hard on Angy, do you? Not so hard, my poor and infatuated young friend, as she has been on you. Hasn't she done you the worst service she possibly could, by marrying you? But this is a digression. Suppose you should happen for once to show a little manliness and positively refuse to endure all the discomfort and incur all the expense of the seaside when you would rather, by far, stay at home. You may then look out for what is at first a very alarming feature in the disease, namely, a tendency to fainting fits daily, at all sorts of inconvenient times, and more frequently in the morning, before you go to business, so that you have to leave without any breakfast. I have told you how I cured my wife, and you cannot do better

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than follow my example. As soon as Angy manifests a tendency to faint, do not offer to catch her or to run for smelling salts, or other such restoratives. Just sit coolly down and laugh at her, and inquire as sarcastically as you can whether she would prefer a coffin made of oak or one of pine. This, no doubt, will send her clean off, and you must then act with great deliberation. First drag her out into the back yard, where nothing can be spoiled by getting wet. Then draw a couple of pails of cold water, take them out into the yard, and dash them on her, one after the other, as rapidly as you can. If this does not bring her too you may conclude that she has really fainted, and the best thing you can do under these circumstances is to light your pipe, put on your hat, and go off to the club. When you return at twelve or one o'clock you may depend that she will have come round. Do not say a word to her, but go again and draw a couple of pails full of water. Place these beside you in the kitchen, and then ask her if she would like to faint again. She may cry, but she will not faint. In fact, she will probably never faint again if she lives to be as old as Methuselah's wife, unless she tries it on once more just to see if you were in earnest on the first occasion. I have now told you pretty nearly all that is likely to be of use to you in relation to this disease of wanting-to-go-to-the-seaside, and as the time when it usually breaks out now approaches you will have ample opportunity of putting my precepts into practice. I have not much hope of you, because you are such a putty-headed individual, but you did get the best of that smoke business the other day, thanks to me, and as I see you still smoke I suppose the victory is a lasting one. There is no need, therefore, to despair of you altogether. Well, it is time I was off. Give my compliments to Angy. It is astonishing that she won't even come in and speak to me, though I am taking such pains for her good. But no matter. The female mind is always ungrateful, and incapable of appreciating such disinterested services as mine. I have my reward, however, in trying to save a fellow-creature like you from ruin, by which I mean the domination of their wives. Once more *au revoir*.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE able pamphlet of Mr. T. T. Hayes, junr., of Leigh, on the political life of Lord Beaconsfield, has had a most remarkable success, having attained its thirtieth thousand, while the sale shows no sign of abatement. It is seldom that a small pamphlet creates so much interest—an interest due fully as much to the style in which it is written, as to the extraordinary facts about Mr. Disraeli which it contains.

"BEACONSFIELD: A Mock-Heroic Poem, and Political Satire." This is the title of a sixpenny pamphlet just published by Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of London and Manchester. The author's object is to trace the career of the Prime Minister, and to show how ambitious and unscrupulous he has at all times been. Here is one short extract:—

Already he has fool'd us to his bent,
And for his own ambition sleeps content
Beneath a coronet that never can
Enoble blood that never nobly ran;
Save in the veins of that old parent pure
Whose holier Light the son would all obscure,
Eclipse, and darken with his ribbons blue,
That only bring the wearer's face to view,
And makes us thank the Lord we're not be-Garter'd too.
The pleasure of his Sovereign is his theme,
His own applause, his night and daily dream;
A vain old man, of narrowest thought and range,
Yet none of all his peers so given to change—
To-morrow will undo what night has done,
Shifts with the breeze, and dances in the sun;
For pop'lar favour he will bend and sue,
And yet be as unbending as a Jew.
A blust'rer, and a bravo, where he can,
Yet sometimes shows the tenderness of man;
For it would needs be shocking to the heart,
If this adventurer were only art;
A Sphinx or statue, feelingless and dumb,
To point a moral for the time to come.

The poem contains no fine passages, no brilliant memorable lines; but bad, halting lines are met with on every page. Still, although made up of poor "poetry," the pamphlet may do good politically in some quarters.

THE cause *celibataire* of Hannay v. Birch has at last been tried, and we trust that the public is rid, once for all, of the matter. No mountain in labour has ever brought forth a more ridiculous mouse. The "systematic and

barbarous cruelty" with which Mr. Birch charged the teachers of the Hamer Street School, has been found to mean nothing more than the occasional rapping of the knuckles or boxing of the ears of a few unruly urchins who will, in after years, be all the better for such corrections. The inquiry has conclusively shown, what indeed was obvious all along, the honesty of Mr. Birch's motives, and the goodness of his intention, but it has also shown the errors into which a somewhat maudlin sentimentality may lead a man who is content to draw his conclusions from the gossip of children and women. For our own part, we must confess to something like disgust at the extreme humanitarian notions which prevail in these days. The first schoolmaster who was paid for teaching our young ideas how to shoot was in the habit of giving the ideas, such as they were, a correct bias, by dragging us round the room, holding fast to the hair of our heads with one hand, and vigorously applying a good, stout cane to our carcase with the other. The consequences were, that our hair, under this stimulus, grew most luxuriantly; the body was hardened and has so far been enabled to defy the attacks of time; and our ideas shot up with an almost tropical vegetation. With these salutary recollections still fresh in our memories, we can hardly hear with patience that the acts of slapping children's arms or striking the palms of their hands with a cane constitutes "systematic and barbarous cruelty." If children never deserved such punishment, then one may well apply to them the saying about young saints making old sinners; and if parents or teachers did not administer the punishment when it was deserved, we should also call to mind a certain proverb attributed to Solomon, concerning the natural connection between the sparing of the rod and the spoiling of the child. The mistake which Mr. Birch makes is that while he thinks he is preaching universal philanthropy he is simply advocating universal effeminacy. There is not so much backbone in the nation now that we could afford to take away any of what remains in order to gratify the wishes of those who believe that men are best brought up on pap, made with the diluted milk of human kindness.

THERE would appear to be, at least, one Funny Man in Blackpool. At all events, he made a desperate attempt to be funny on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's visit. It was he who drew up the "official" programme in connection with the Torchlight Procession. Just glance through the following extracts as indicating the depths which Blackpool mirthfulness can descend:—"Two hundred mounted horsemen, heroes of ancient and modern days (out for a lark), comprising Bismarck, Nebuchadnezzar, Scobelloff, The Mayor of Bispham, Caractacus, the Duke of Marton-in-Mire, Tom Thumb, Humphrey Clinker, Socrates, Traupmann, Kenelby, Calcraft, Gortschakoff, William a Dydemus, the Shah of Persia (with his unsettled hotel bill), and Brigham Young, followed by a valiant troupe of Warriors Bold, Swashbucklers, Thieves, Bandits, Highwaymen, Statesmen, Scamps, and Diplomats out of Congress. The Russian Army, headed by the Grand Duke Nicholas, Counts Polishemoff, Shovelemoff, Shovelemon, and Shovelemon, in their march on Plevna. The Turkish Army, headed by Osman Pasha, Sillyman Pasha (as collected at the foot of the Skipka Rocks), Mehemet Ali (*alias* Von Wallupem), and Sheik-ul-Islam, bearing the Standard of the Prophet (and losses). Prince Bismarck's Private Band, fresh from the Congress, from which it has been dismissed without thanks, having failed to establish harmony. The band was conducted by Von Dermashenmantuffeloffensourerout, and played "The Meeting of the Vultures" (by a Turk). The Blackpool Corporation (seen after dinner). This enlightened body marched with the steadiness to be expected from its well-known physical strength, combined with the stimulating elements in its constitution. Chaucer, writing in 1226, on Reformed Municipal Corporations, says of the Blackpool Town Council:—"It is a combination of the spiritual and material world. In it we find representatives of alcohol drugs, land, and live stock." "Beer with it." Afterwards wrote Shakspeare, in his Guide to Blackpool, "and let not the view intoxicate you with delight!" A Fossil State Coach, dug out of Blackpool Sands, and formerly used by Queen Elizabeth for bathing purposes. This commodious vehicle was placed at the service of the Corporation as a ready-made (though rickety) argument against the Tramway movement. Mrs. Dahomey's blackfaced followers, the Missing Links, brought over to this country by M. Fariné at the special request of Mr. Darwin. They are remarkable for all the vices of modern civilisation. The loss of their tails is attributed to reckless rinking, considerably prior to the glacial period." Verily, possessed of a wit like this, Blackpool must be a lively place!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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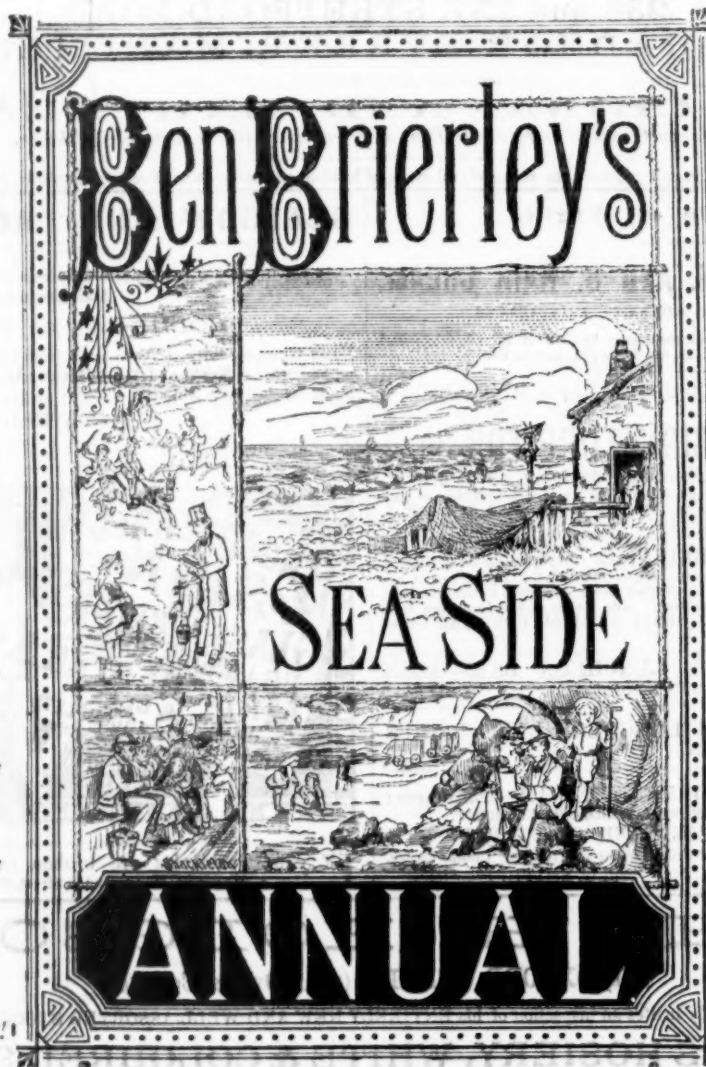
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